

Classical 1928

1928



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Dedication

The Class of Twenty-eight gratefully dedicates
this issue of The Radford High News to Alfred
Kemper Eagle in recognition of his unselfish
service and kindly interest in our class.





ALFRED KEMPER EAGLE

THE FACULTY



WILLIAM KUHN BARNETT
Case School of Applied Science
Superintendent of City Schools



DOROTHY MILLER, A. B.
Elizabeth College
Language



ALFRED K. EAGLE, B. S.
University of Virginia
Principal



VIVIAN FARLOW, A. B.
Western Maryland College
Mathematics



EMMA V. ATKINS
William and Mary College
History



ELIZABETH H. WHITELAW, A. B.
Randolph-Macon College
English



ANNIE SUE ANDERSON, B. S.
Radford Teachers' College
Science



LORENA CALDWELL, B. S.
Radford Teachers' College
Science

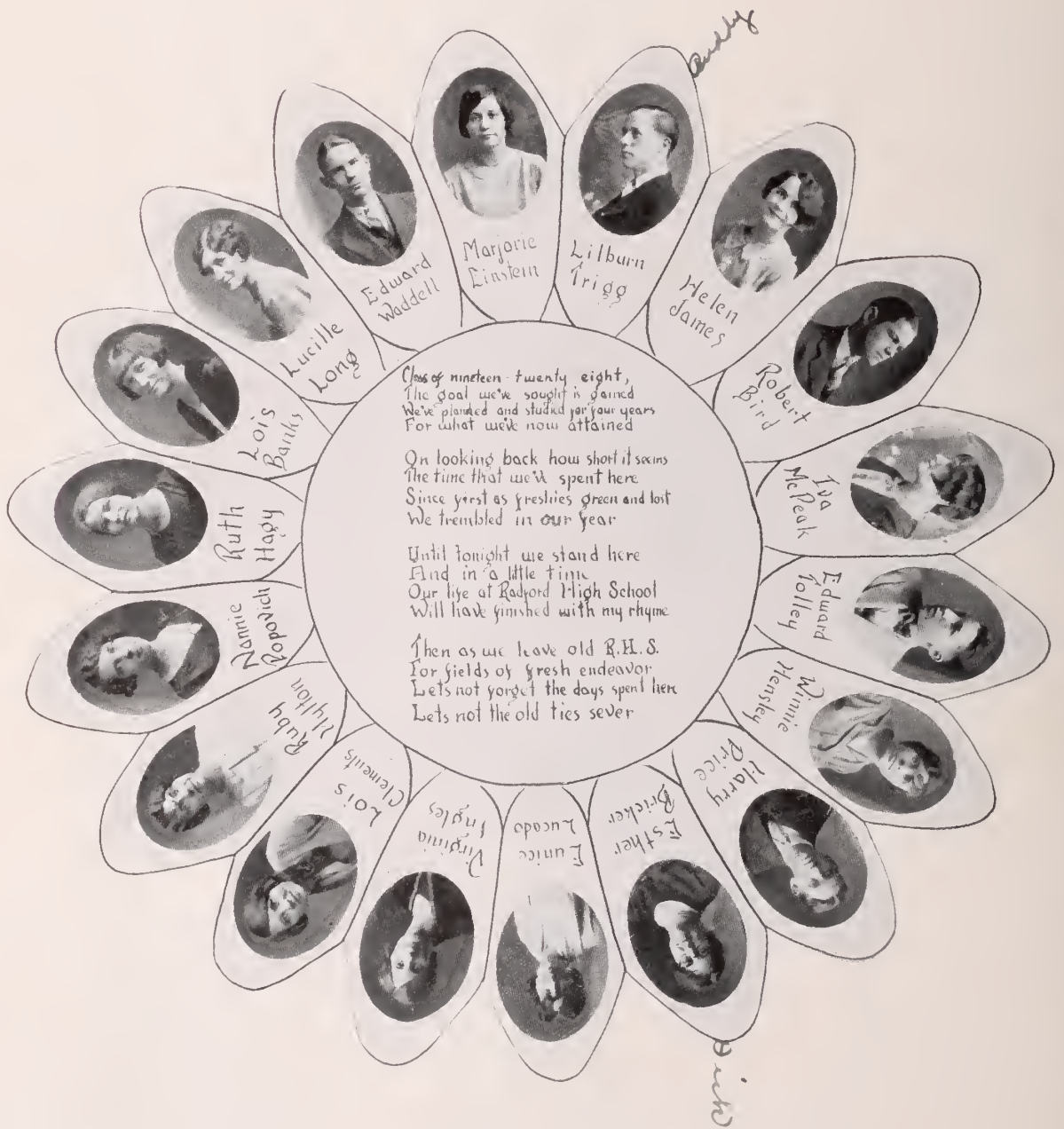


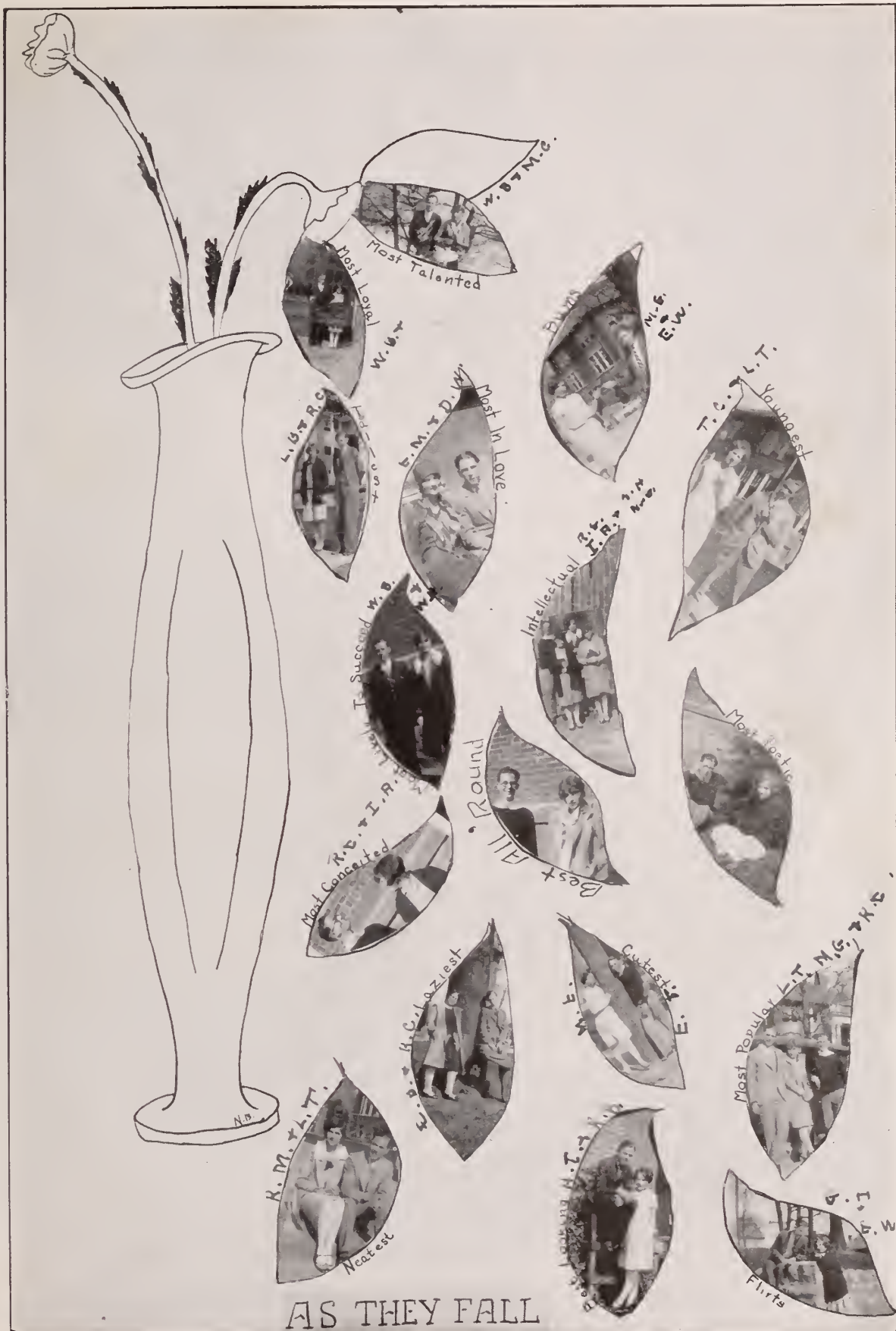
MAMIE ENGART
William and Mary College
Language



NANNIE BIRD, A. B.
Lynchburg College
English







THE RADFORD HIGH NEWS

Vol. 5

No. 5

SENIOR ISSUE

Published By the Members of the Senior Class.
Radford, Va.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief *Irene Allen*
Associate Editor *Thelma Calfee*
Business Manager *Marjorie Einstein*
Assistant Business Manager... *William Baker*
Joke Editor *Randolph Elder*

Art Editors... { *Bill Vaugh (Junior)*
 Nellie Bond
 Noblin Huddle
 Mildred Charlton (Junior)

Faculty Adviser { *Miss Annie*
 Sue Anderson

EDITORIAL

To be the last class to graduate from the old High School places a great responsibility upon the Seniors. They trust that their example in this school has been such that the classes in the new school will desire to carry on the tradition. They have shown an enthusiastic school spirit and the class is ever loyal and true.

It has not been a brilliant meteor which flares up suddenly and then is gone, but has been rather a steady light that shines constantly. Yet the Class of '28 is by no means lacking in capability and brilliancy. It includes eleven students who have made the enviable record of 90 or over as an average for the four years of High School.

For the last two years the Rotary Club has offered an undergraduate metal, and each time a student of the Class of '28 has had the honor of winning it.

The class may boast of eight students who have successfully carried four years of Latin. In this day and time when tougher subjects of the curriculum are being eliminated and everyone is hunting a "snap course," we feel this is an achievement of which they can be justly proud.

This year partial student government was organized in the school, and the leading officers were furnished by the Senior Class. It was largely due to their faithful and sensible efforts that the organization has been a success.

The school feels that it is losing some of its dependable members. Probably the extent of this loss will not be fully realized until next September, when we try to get along without them.

ELEVEN SENIORS HAVE HIGH STANDING

This year's Senior Class of Radford High School feels that it may justly be proud of itself since more than 25 per cent of the members of the class have averaged above 90. This large per cent has made it possible for the first time to award the different numbers on Class Night program as honors for scholastic standing, and only those who have won the right will appear on the program. However, among the four highest honor students there is only a fractional difference in the averages and this fact has given rise to a peculiar situation. These averages represent the first three years of High School work and the seven months which have passed, but there are two months' grades yet to be added and it is quite possible that the grades of these next two months will change the order precedence of these four students. So it cannot be definitely stated as to who will receive highest honors at this time, but at this time the order is as follows: Rita Munsey, Irene Allen, Marjorie Einstein, Winnie Hensley, Myra Greiner, Noblin Huddle, Kathleen Wilson, Nellie Bond, Randolph Elder, Ruby Hylton and Lois Banks.

DR. JOHN W. WAYLAND COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

Radford High School feels peculiarly honored to have Dr. John W. Wayland of the Harrisonburg State Teachers' College to deliver the literary address at the graduation exercises.

Dr. Wayland has been recognized for a number of years as one of the leading historians of the state. Many of us recall with pleasure our study of his "History of Virginia," or having become more intimately acquainted with the historic valley of Virginia through his "Portfolio of the Shenandoah Valley."

Dr. Wayland has occupied a chair of History in the Harrisonburg State Teachers' College since its founding.

At Radford High we know him best as the author of "Old Virginia," which we all love to sing more than any other song.

"PHILIPPA GETS THERE"

High School Auditorium
May 22, 1928

By Edward Paulton.
Directed By Annie Sue Anderson.

CAST

(In Order Which They First Appear)

Helge, a Swedish parlor maid. . . Noblin Huddle
Ira Brandon, a millionaire art collector
..... Edward Waddell
Lola Smith, about nineteen; she lisps and
has trouble with the letter "R".....
..... Marjorie Einstein
Christine Smith, a year or so younger; a
gusher Nellie Bond
Lionel, Ira's son..... Edward Talley
Isabel, Ira's youngest Edmonia Meyers
Endicott Byng, an eccentric poseur
..... Robert Bird
Phil Carter Randolph Elder
Dora, Ira's daughter Irene Allen
Bernice Brownell Rita Munsey
Count Armond De Chauffeur, young ele-
gant crook William Baker
Ambulance Men { Robert Campbell
Harry Price
Truck Men. { Lilburn Trigg
Duval Wright

The play is in three acts.

Scene—A handsome reception room of Ira Brandon; a little suggestive of art museum, showing by its pictures and curios of various kinds the hobbies of the owner.

(Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York).

* * *

The play, "Philippa Gets There," was one of the greatest achievements of the Senior Class. All the characters proved their versatility by forgetting self and living another's life. The play was very humorous and the audience was kept in an uproar. We would never have thought that Randolph Elder, our dignified class president, could have taken the part of a girl, nor have recognized Robert Bird, the handsome Senior, in the crook. But we must not dwell on individuals. Each member of the cast acted unusually well, putting across a good play, and winning a corner in the High School Art Gallery, as a dramatic genius.

Miss Farlowe (In Biology Class): "How can you tell the age of a turkey?"

Ruth Evans: "By the teeth."

Miss Farlowe: "A turkey has no teeth."

Ruth Evans: "Yes, but I have."

Mr. Darnell (to Robert Bird having picture taken): "It's all over now; you can resume your natural expression."

RADFORD HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT SERVICE

First Baptist Church
11 o'Clock, May 20, 1928

PROGRAMME

Processional—March in C Major.....
..... Edouard Batiste
Invocation The Rev. L. C. Dickerson
Hymn—Ancient of Days.
Prayer.
Anthem—Grant Us, O Our Heavenly
Father J. Emerson
Scripture Reading.
Duet.
Commencement Sermon.
Hymn—We Offer Thee Our Youth.
Benediction..... The Rev. L. C. Dickerson
Recessional—March in E-flat Major.....
..... Edouard Batiste

CLASS NIGHT

High School Auditorium

Thursday, May 24, 1928

8:15 p. m.

PART I

Song Class
Salutatory Irene Allen
Poem Nellie Bond
Class History Winnie Hensley
Presentation of Gifts Randolph Elder

PART II

Prophecy Myra Greiner

PART III

Piano Solo Marjorie Einstein
Last Will and Testament Noblin Huddle
Valedictory Rita Munsey

CLASS OFFICERS

Randolph Munsey *President*
Rita Munsey *Vice President*
Myra Greiner *Secretary*
Kathleen Wilson *Treasurer*
Miss Annie Sue Anderson *Adviser*

RADFORD HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION EXERCISES

8:15 o'Clock, May 25, 1928

PROGRAMME

Invocation The Rev. E. A. Shugart
Music Glee Club
Old Virginia.
Introduction of Speaker.
Address John W. Wayland, Ph. D.
(Professor of History, Harrisonburg
State Teachers' College)
Awarding of Honors and Medals.
Delivery of Diplomas... W. K. Barnett, Supt.
Benediction The Rev. A. E. Simerly

SALUTATORY

When I learned that I had been chosen to extend the welcome to you, the guests of 1928, was very happy and at the same time very hesitant—happy to have the privilege of telling you just how glad we are to have you, and hesitant because I felt myself unequal to the task of expressing what is in our hearts.

We have looked forward to the time when we might welcome you here and express our appreciation for your interest and encouragement in our high school life.

Fathers and mothers of the Class of '28, we cannot express our appreciation of your efforts and sacrifice in our behalf. Many of us would not have reached this goal, the honor of being a graduate from Radford High, had you not encouraged us. Through our four years of high school life you have entered into the spirit of every activity. It is you we wish to welcome, first of all, here this evening.

Our teachers, you have been largely responsible for our being here tonight. You have led us to the open sesame of books from which we have gained a vision of new worlds, with broader horizons than those that we had known. We feel that you who have come over the way with us day by day, and have shared each failure and success, can enter into our commencement in a peculiar way. And we welcome you.

Mr. Barnett, and members of the School Board, you have ever shown a sympathetic attitude toward our school and a desire to cooperate with us in what we wished to do.

Juniors and Sophomores, you have been good pals through the days here together. You have contributed to the fun, the tricks, the little daily happenings that have welded the bonds of comradeship so close, and that will make our sweetest memories of R. H. S.

Patrons and Friends, you have manifested your interest in us in various ways—in contributing to the paper, helping in our entertainments, and ever-boasting a greater Radford High. As we remember Radford High School we will not only think of the school but of all Radford as well.

To you, our friends, we would say that in the days to come we hope our records will be such that you will not be sorry for the encouragement you have given us. I might say much more—but after all, have we not said all, when we say—you are welcome?

Irene Allen.

—o—
Buddy Trigg: "I want to try on that suit in the window."

Charlie Mottesheard: "Sorry but you'll have to use the dressing room."

CLASS HISTORY

*"Like Gallahad we come
To eateh the vision of perfection,
That we may fling the toreh we found,
To couutless children keen to every sound
Of life's sharp battles."*

Life today is the history of tomorrow. History is a moving thing, a dramatic chain of events, infused with the vividness of personality. Hence, is it not a bit ironical that for lack of better means of expression, one is called upon to write history?

We ask you to look, and read, in life the history of the class of '28. In the fall of 1924 a large band of girls and boys, one hundred and two in number, green, young rats of every class and description, entered the mysterious land of high school. There were many others here, but the newcomers could be distinguished from these, by their shyness and fear of treading the wrong path.

High School at last!

It was a perfect garden to us, the golden gates for which we had worked hard, for many years. We were to be allowed to see the flowers and partake of the luscious fruits at once—so we thought. But we were ignorant and were gracefully told so by every one with whom we came in contact.

The highway which we took in going through that first year of high school, was a strange and hard road.

Twice during the year the storm rushed upon us, but after the storm—the calm. Examinations were passed and our fears vanished.

Then spring came with its commencement. We watched our older and more sophisticated brothers and sisters carry off their diplomas. From them we began to realize that we, too, were on a quest—a quest for something valuable that must carry us through life—our diplomas.

The year of 1925 soon came and hurried us into the Sophomore stage of our existence. Our class was smaller than it was the first year, a number of the members having dropped out, leaving only seventy-one. No ellectual glories and no athletic victories were for us as yet.

The class of 1925 has nothing yet to show. But wait and see what we will do and then we'll say, "We told you so."

When time pointed its finger to 1926 our history began to be eventful. We were Juniors, a class of seventy-two strong. We began our work with deliberations, for as yet we were not what we wanted most to be—Seniors. During the Junior year mem-

bers of our class played exceedingly well on the athletic field, and we only halted in our grave and studious labor to say farewell to the Seniors, in the form of the Junior and Senior banquets.

June came again and with its realization of the fact, that after three months of vacation and fun, we would take up arms for the last time at Radford High School. With open minds and clear heads the Class of '28 started this last and most important journey. Most of the Juniors were back with several additions, including our class beauty, Helen James, from Rural Retreat. Being a Senior meant being a member of the most respected class in school, being a Senior meant having the best chief, Mr. Eagle and the wisest and most sympathetic sponsor, Miss Anderson.

We passed onward and onward, solved difficult problems, made that rough and tedious road smoother, and conquered the dragon of mid-year exams. Amid the routine duties of school life some events stand out with prominence: This year the social side of our life was developed when we were so delightfully entertained at the Junior and Senior banquet. Everyone left pronouncing the evening most delightful. Realizing that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, we wish to call your attention to the great athletic rates in which our boys have taken part; but time does not remain to recall the deeds of this noble class.

March came with its brisk winds that made us more active in our work. Then April showers brought dull fears of failure. But April showers must bring May flowers, and so it did. The beautiful month of May brought us happier hearts and fairer hopes of success in the end. We are proud of our achievements. For we are the first class in the history of the school to have three students to vie for the honor of the valedictory and first to have two students making an average of at least ninety for the four years of high school work. Those honor students are: Irene Allen, Lois Banks, Nellie Bond, Marjorie Einstein, Myra Greiner, Winnie Hensley, Rita Munsey, Ruby Hylton, Noblin Huddle and Kathleen Wilson. But our farewell to dear old Radford High must be said tonight. The class of 1928 shall no longer be—except in history.

The class which entered High School September 1, 1924, graduated May 25, 1928, carrying with it many fond remembrances and leaves its love and best wishes to the

faculty and student body of Radford High School. So—

*"Like Gallahad we go
To catch the vision of perfection,
That we may fling the torch we found,
To countless children keen to every sound
Of life's sharp battles."*

Winnie Hensley,
Historian.

GIFTATORY

Classmates:

I have been wondering why I should have been chosen to give the various members of the class a gift characteristic of each. It now occurs to me that it was because I do not mind giving anything at all away—if it doesn't belong to me. However, as it has fallen to my sad lot to be Giftorian of the Class of '28, I shall do my best to show fairness and discrimination to each member.

I shall start the ball rolling by beginning with Irene Allen. I might as well give her something to start with so she'll be satisfied, as she always takes anything she can get her hands on, especially around drug stores. It is fitting to give Irene a deck of cards so that she can entertain herself by playing Solitaire. A druggist doesn't have time to stay home with his wife anyhow.

To William Baker, the pride of Buena Vista, we give this little horn. We hoped that it will be used to call cows out of the corn rather than get the mules out of Band and Birds.

To the Siamese Twins of the Senior Class, Louise and Lucille Nance, these two dog tags will be acceptable. These will prevent male visitors from a nearby city from getting the wrong twin.

To the soft-spoken Eunice Lucado we present a megaphone in order that her voice may be heard above the din caused by Lillian Keadle's chewing-gum.

To Gladys Cregar, the arithmetic shark, we give this pocket adding machine so that she can more easily check up on Miss Farlowe's addition.

To Marjorie Einstein, the musical prodigy of West Radford, it gives me great pleasure to present—in honor of her wonderful musical talent—this harmonica.

Buddy Trigg's fascination for the fair sex has long been a known fact around the High School, and so to ease the mind of Helen James, the fair beauty of Rural Retreat, we give this little dog chain to keep Buddy from running astray.

Lillian Keadle's well-known fondness for car-riding leads us to believe that she will cherish this little merry-go-round as a

reminder of happy "shake-rattle and roll" hours.

To Lucille Smith, the belle of Christiansburg, (not dumbbell) we are happy to give this box of soap flakes. She already has a "Maytag."

To Lucille Long, the owner of charms which made Radford known in Christiansburg, and daughter of one of the upholders of Radford's law and order, it is fitting to give the key to the Detention Room in hopes that it be used to better advantage than heretofore.

To Noblin Huddle, the most dignified member of the Senior Class, we give this little monkey to remind her of her former classmates.

We are happy to present to Edward Waddell, the New River sheik, a pair of tennis shoes because he is always running after a Junior of his acquaintance.

To Edmonia Meyers, one of the famous beauties of New River, we give this marriage license. She already has the "Wright" boy.

The Class of '28 presents to Duval Wright a law book, as we are sure that anybody who can argue as well as he can ought to be a lawyer. He already stretches the truth sometimes.

Robert Bird will undoubtedly find great use for this garden rake to keep the alley on his block straight. Don't dig too deep, Robert—the splinters will fly.

Edward Talley, the only fisherman of which the class boasts, will undoubtedly find great use for this little chain to carry his fish on.

To Thelma Calfee the class bequeathed this catcher's mitt because of her great interest in baseball.

The walls and desks of old R. H. S. have suffered for years from Nellie Band's drawing talent, and to preserve the walls of her own home, we present this slate.

Esther Bricker has been officially recognized as the classes's laziest girl, and to speed her up a little we give her this bottle of "Pep." This has no alcoholic content, Esther.

Lois Banks will greatly appreciate the bottle of Cod Liver Oil. We hope that she may soon have the general dimensions of Miss Anderson.

To Buddy Trigg we present this bundle of hay on account of his famous horse laugh.

To Myra Greiner, one of the most dramatic players of New River, we present this edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. She can never again say, "I don't know nothing."

To Ruth Hagy, keeper of the Library during Miss Anderson's study period, we give this package of cotton with which to stuff her ears so that she may concentrate on the

problems confronting General Caesar in his Gallic Campaigns.

This little book on "How to Make Salads, Sandwiches and Home Brew," will be of great help to Robert Campbell, who will some day be a druggist.

Gladys Hedgecock, North Carolina's contribution to R. H. S., will find this fan very useful. Whenever she gets tired of talking the fan will keep the air stirring.

To Lois Clement, one of the commuting inhabitants of the wild stretches of West Radford, we present this aeroplane to provide transportation to the more civilized portions of East Radford. And say, Lois, better always carry a passenger with you. If the engine should stall it would be rather inconvenient to have to get out and crank it yourself.

Dollie Garking is extremely interested in boxing for some reason or other, and we are sure that she would appreciate this piece of beefsteak if Frank got a black eye.

Louise Bond is one of the leatheringest females of the Senior Class, and to save time we take great pleasure in presenting this bottle of Nu-Shine to her.

To Virginia Ingles, bearer of a noted and ancient family name, we present this family tree. It is not a dogwood.

In the wild reaches of Floyd County there lives a gentleman whose name begins with "W." I think. At any rate we are sure that this carrier pigeon will find great use for sparing the distance between Ruby Hylton's home and Floyd.

We are sure that Agnes Lyons will find much use for this target with which to keep in chalk-throwing practice.

To Iva McPeak, one of the housekeepers of the future, we present this can-opener. Her family won't starve at any rate. Getting rid of the tin cans will be the problem.

It gives us great pleasure to give this game of tiddliwinks and a doll to take the place of tit-tat-to and Edward Tolley to Virginia Showalter. We sincerely hope that it will not make as much fuss as the other made in Miss Miller's classes.

Winnie Hensley would greatly appreciate this gift of three of Miss Atkin's objective tests to keep alive her memory of the high school. We hope that she will have them framed, and may they cause her no nightmares.

Harry Price's bashfulness will give way to Rudolph Valentino stuff if he will study this book as hard as—that is, much harder than he studied his Physics. It is entitled, "How to Make Love," by Roy Weaver.

To Juanita Stafford we give this bar of Palmolive Soap. She can always keep that school-girl complexion.

Nannie Popovitch is a musical prodigy, who has constructed melodious instruments from ice cream tops. Next time, Nannie, we would prefer to have the top filled with ice cream instead of music.

To Rita Munsey, we take great pleasure in presenting this book entitled, "Classical Dancing." Rita showed great talent as a dancer when a piece of chalk went down her back and she originated the "New River Shakedown."

On account of Lillian Smith's fondness for painting and powdering, the Class of '28 presents to her this can of Valspar.

Kathleen Wilson, as treasurer of the hardshell Class of '28 would have found use for this collection plate before, but as she is now graduating she will probably find use for it in later life.

Miss Farlowe is always making beaded bags and knowing the financial embarrassment of most school teachers, we are happy to present this nickel to her for ballast.

To Mr. Eagle we give this dumbbell to help him reduce. We are sure that it will greatly help him in next year's physical education classes.

To Miss Emma Atkins, who is always losing something, we present this ring so she won't lose Roy.

Miss Whitelaw is one member of the high school who does carry books home. It is with great pleasure that we present to her this wheelbarrow with which to carry her library.

Miss Dorothy Miller, the treasurer of the school, will undoubtedly find great use for this pistol to protect her money. There are so many robberies and murders occurring now that we feel this step is necessary.

PROPHECY

It is dusk. A gypsy girl is seated before an open tent. In front of her a small fire burns. Slowly through her hands she draws a daisy chain. She murmurs softly to herself. Behind the tent in the background may be seen dimly the outlines of a forest. Modern girl in sport costume approaches, swinging a hat in one hand. She sees gypsy and stops, startled.—"Oh, good evening!"

Gypsy: "May it be a good evening for you, oh, stranger."

"I have lost my way."

Gypsy draws daisy chain through fingers: "Look, white stranger, the daisy tells. Look into the forest while the daisies cast their spell"—(girl looks).

"Oh, Romantic Venice—and is it?—It is.—Helen and Lilburn just as they used to be. Well, they always would find the ro-

mantic spot, although anybody could be romantic in such a place as that. (Pause). That tall, graceful gondolier! Why, he looks familiar, too! Harry Price! As I live. The same muscle that served R. H. S. so faithfully can be seen in that long graceful sweep.

Ah! the vision is fading already. Can you not bring it back again? Pluck another petal."

Gypsy: "The daisies speak but once, my child, another petal tells another tale.—Watch!"

"Why that's Main Street in Radford; a traffic cop signals frantically, but I see no one. That looks like Mr. Showalter. (Pause) and yet it doesn't—It's Virginia.—Well, even girls nowadays are following in father's footsteps. But who would have thought it of mild little Virginia—a traffic cop. Why does she make such strange signals? (Pause). Am I dreaming? Or has Nannie Popovitch lost her mind and gone speeding in a kiddy car. No, she must be inventing a new vehicle. (Pause). Ah! where is Virginia taking her? (Pause). The scene is fading and I so wanted to see.—But it returns!—a court scene! Agnes Lyons is judge. Well, I see the emancipation of women is still going on. But who are those irate policemen? (Policemen gesticulate wildly) — Louise Bond!—Iva McPeak! Certainly the world has turned around.—Lois Clement is the prisoner. Poor Lois, being tried for misquoting Shakespeare after all these years as a Shakespearean actress.

But again the scene fades! A shopping district! The dress department of Lord and Taylor's, New York, (paused). The buyer shows her customers some new frocks. Parisian importations, evidently—Why someone is buying a trousseau! On my word: that tall, graceful girl is Rita Munsey. I remember now, she married the famous pickle king and moved to New York. Her taste was always excellent. She must be assisting someone else. Lois Banks? Whom can she be going to marry?—But the models appear! One wears a morning costume—Gladys Hedgecock! She must be studying life at close hand, for her new novel on "the working girl." How gracefully she turns and shows the gown at best advantage.—But another comes! (Pause).—Lucille Nance! Just as trim in style as she always was. And here comes the evening dress. What if it held another of my classmates? Lucille Long! She sweeps along with the sophistication of a mannequin straight from Paris. (Pause). Isn't life queer! Who would have thought these three demure R. H. S. Seniors would take up such a worldly calling.

"But the scene wanes. It is gone. Pluck another petal!"

Gypsy stirs and mutters, "White stranger, the daisies no longer speak clearly, the spell weakens."

"Oh, can't you do something? Don't let them stop!"

(Again gypsy draws chain through her hands and murmurs.)

The charm is working! (Pause). There's Randolph Elder. Passing somebody as usual. I wonder whom it is now. Thelma Calfe (in tone of wonderment), swooning. What can Randolph have said to her? Robert Bird is holding her up. Oh, I see what they're doing; it's a movie! Randolph is directing a movie. It's the one perfect vocation for him. He can exercise his originality and authority at the same time. (Pause). Robert's sheikish eyes have evidently brought to pass the jesting prophecy made at a Junior-Senior banquet—that he would take Rudolph Valentino's place.

It's a Spanish scene. The knight has rescued the lovely lady. Who are his faithful servants? Edward Tolley. He looks like Sancho Panza—what a dear little actor he makes and Gladys Cregger's the other girl—certainly the efforts expended in "A Full House" and "Philippa Gets There" were not in vain.

Why even the camera men are girls. No doubt some more of '28's capable members. Yes, that's Nellie Bond's light hair and smile and Noblin Huddle's intent expression. The last week of school at R. H. S. when they took so many pictures they must have stumbled on their life's work. Oh, of course, Randolph would make them do it all over again.

Wait! Wait! No use. (Sighs). I did want to see some more of that.

But what's this? Kathleen Wilson looking very brisk and efficient in a nurse's uniform. (Pause). She's giving a cooking demonstration to some housekeepers. And I see other familiar faces. That interested looking woman in front is none other than Lillian Smith. Mrs. who I wonder? And right next to her is Ruby Hylton. And isn't that—? Yes, it's Winnie somebody's wife after all instead of the great educator everybody was prophesying she'd be. And there's Virginia Ingles. (Pause). Lucille Smith.—Yes, and certainly that's Juanita Stafford's pleased smile. I recognize others. Esther Bricker, Eunice Lucado, Ruth Hagy, Lillian Keadle and Dollie Garking! Everybody always said that Dollie would be an ideal little homemaker. If one could see the husband now the picture would be entirely satisfactory.

I'm glad to see that among the brilliant and erratic careers of my classmates some have elected to make homes and serve the

community. After all, those are the solid virtues that count.

But the scene is good (another appears)—Edmonia and Duval sitting before a fire in a reverie. How ideal! I see Edmonia and Duval have kept the glamor of romance untarnished. They have found the happy life. What a fitting climax for the married careers of our class. The scene fades but I shall carry their memory with me.

Only a few more to account for. Already someone else appears. A graceful form is seated before a grand piano. (Pause). She bows and smiles. Of course it is Marjorie: a successful musician with the whole country acclaiming her. That is no more than we hoped and expected for Marjorie. Look at the flowers! She evidently has the public at her feet. (Scene fades). That was certainly impressive. Isn't all my class accounted for? Again a scene is forming. Who are these dressed in white with caps at such a rakish angle? One seems to be carrying a lance, and the other—a basket? Ed. Waddell and Robert Campbell! What are they doing? (Pause). They are concerning billboards. Well, this is the grand surprise. (Scene fades).

But what is this? Someone is making a speech and gesticulating wildly. Is it William Baker who used to be so calm? And it seems to me I see tier on tier of faces before him. Congress! William is a Congressman. How I would like to hear the bill he is presenting so ably. What an eloquent attitude he assumes! It is the climax. He has finished. (Pause). A woman comes forward. What a gracious manner she has. With what ease and self-possession she smiles and begins. And of course it is our Irene. What more natural than for her to be in Congress! William, I'm not so sure your bill will pass after all if Irene speaks against it. (Scene fades).

Anymore? Only the dark forest. (Gets up). "Gypsy, a wonderful power is yours. Here is silver. You deserve more."

Gypsy (smiling): "Daisies can tell."

Girl: "Well, I must return to ordinary life again. Will you show me the way out of enchanted woods?"

Gypsy: "There is the path before you."

Girl: "Why—why didn't I see it before?"

Gypsy smiles again enigmatically: "The daisies, my child."

Characters: Gypsy, Louise Nance; Stranger, Myra Greiner.

Miss Atkins (In Soc. Sci.): "What was the old idea of justice?"

Lucille Long: "You kill me and I'll kill you."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1927 and 1928, being of sound mind and body, and having come to that place where we must leave the life we have known and venture forth into other fields of labor, and being unable to take with us into our new sphere, the dear possessions which we have accumulated here, and having a desire to see those same possessions worthily bestowed upon our successors, do will and bequeath the aforesaid possessions severally or collectively as shall appear herein following:

Item 1. To the Faculty, our esteem and regard for their constant help and encouragement to us in our efforts to reach this goal.

a. To Mr. Eagle, our principal, we leave our sympathy and admiration for the patience and tact with which he has borne the whims, the tantrums, and the inconsistencies of five women teachers. Even though three more be added to this number in the coming session, we do not doubt but that our Principal will be able to cope with the situation. We would add for his encouragement, that he may gain in return, some of the wisdom of Solomon.

b. To Miss Dorothy Miller, whose graceful and health-giving exercises have won fame for our school and brawn for ourselves, as a token of our sincere gratitude, we leave a set of dumbbells. We might add that Miss Miller throughout her life at R. H. S. has always faithfully dealt with the dumbbells.

c. To Miss Atkins, a well-wisher and ardent fan of our baseball team, we do will and bequeath, a solid-back and collapsible chair, that she may attend all games in the future without fearing a draft, or causing a rift in the faculty.

d. To Miss Whitelaw, our beloved English teacher, we will two good-looking, debonair Sophomores to take the place of her two beloved and much cherished Juniors, Jibo and Bus.

e. To Miss Anderson, directors of plays and extra curricula activities, we leave a special key to that inner sanctum and starting point of all school enterprises, where it is so often necessary for her to be, Mr. Eagle's office.

f. To Miss Vivian Farlowe, we leave a bug house, all her own, to which she may retire and play with the little bugs whenever she so desires.

Item 2. To the Junior Class, our faithful comrades who will take our places, we leave our good example, our books with the

answers written out, and the offer of advice free whenever asked.

Item 3. To the Sophomores Class, who have experienced some difficulties in adjusting themselves to our more grown-up way of life, and who have frequently experienced the fruit of disobedience, we leave the love which the faculty bears the Senior Class, and the hope that this bequest will inspire them to strive for a more lovable behavior.

Item 4. To the Freshman Class, our good wishes and assurances that though the way that stretches before them looks very long and hard, it's worth it all to reach this goal.

Item 5. We, the members of the Senior Class, do furthermore will and bequeath several and particularly the following items:

a. Mr. Randolph Elder, our class president and man of the world, doth hereby will to Wilmer Lawrence, his popularity, and his ability to read English poems; to Billy Vaughn, his self-complacency; to Stuart Noblin, his oratorical voice and gesture; and, to all the girls, his sweet smile.

b. Miss Nellie Bond leaves to Miss Sunbeam Farley, her sunny disposition and cheerful giggle.

c. Mr. William Baker to Mr. Dwight Dudley, in view of the fact that both have striven to pattern themselves after the model of our esteemed principal, Mr. Eagle, leaves his dignity, and it is felt that this will be an especially apt bequest since Mr. Dudley is constantly annoyed and distressed by certain feminine classmates, to such a degree that he has just about exhausted his present supply. Mr. Baker furthermore wills his Chemistry note-book and brilliant grasp of the subject generally, to Mr. Boyd Sutherland with the hope and belief that the same will be appreciated.

d. Mr. Lilburn Trigg, doth will and bequeath his winsome ways with the ladies, his school-girl complexion, and all his beauty creams to Mr. Robert Shilburne. The entire Senior Class commends this bequest, since Mr. Shelburne's talent in this direction is already well known.

e. Miss Edmonia Meyers and Mr. Duval Wright do jointly will their favor with Cupid to Miss Evelyn Painter and Mr. Edmund Jones. They wish to add the admonition that Evelyn and Edmund will do their duty in coaxing the love-god to remain with us lest he should finally spread his wings and desert R. H. S. altogether.

f. Mr. Edward Waddell leaves to Mr. Claude Grubb, his chest of ties and tailor's dummy with the hope that they may procure as much for the aforesaid Mr. Grubb as they have for him.

g. Miss Virginia Ingles leaves to Miss

Averil Dalton her deep, Mellow voice, with the request that Averil will exercise the same on every occasion.

h. Miss Myra Greiner to Miss Eleanor Bowers her cute little ears. Miss Greiner, and indeed the entire Senior Class, feel that with Eleanor's fetching curls draped coquettishly behind them, these ears will prove irresistible to the entire male membership of the Junior Class.

Item 6. We, the Senior Class, do hereby designate and appoint as our Executrix, Miss Elizabeth Whitelaw, who with such assistants as she may wish to employ, shall be responsible for the carrying out of the several and collective items of this our Last Will and Testament.

We, the Senior Class do solemnly swear and affirm the above articles to convey our Last Will and Testament, in witness whereof we affix our signatures this twenty-fourth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

Randolph Elder, President.
Rita Munsey, Vice President.
Myra Greiner, Secretary.
Kathleen Wilson, Treasurer.
Noblin Huddle, Scribe.

VALEDICTORY

Classmates:

Tonight our daisy chain will be carefully deposited in the vault of memories. New faces have been added, capacities tested, and classmates dropped here and there. At last the chain is completed, being composed of forty links whose strength has withstood all tests. Fourteen chains have preceded ours but unlike those, we form the last link which will be welded in these halls. We shall look forward to the dedication of the new building. Yet we are glad that we have been members of this school, absorbing the atmosphere created by previous classes, and the wisdom and attitudes gained through the loving guidance of Mr. Eagle and the faculty.

From this day on our paths will guide us into different vocational directions. Some of us may never meet again; our daisy chain will be physically broken, but never spiritually, for in the past four years a bond of friendship has welded us together, link by link, so that in mind and heart, if not in reality we shall spend many happy hours together.

Classmates, parting at best is sad, but may we smile and part in the spirit which we have tried to show during the last four years. But remember—

"Life is a mirror of king and slave
'Tis just what we are and do
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

Rita Munsey.

RADFORD WINS DISTRICT

Radford High School nine, winners of section B., defeated the Glade Spring team, winners of section A., Friday, May 4, giving Radford the championship of the Seventh District.

The game was a pitcher's battle between Howell of Radford and Thomas of the visitors; Howell struck out eleven men and walked one; while Thomas made fifteen strike-outs and walked three. Radford took the lead in the first inning scoring two runs and maintained it until the sixth. With the score 2-2 in the last half of the ninth inning, and one out, Captain Price was walked. Then Robertson came up, crashed the ball to deep center for a three-bagger, and Price crossed the plate with the winning run.

Score by Innings:

R. H. E.

Glade Spring	000	011	000—2	5	1
Radford	200	000	001—3	3	3

Batteries: Thomas and Garvey; Howell and Laurence.

District Eight has forfeited its right to contend for the championship of the Southwestern Division, thereby leaving only District Six to be eliminated for Southwestern championship.

DR. QUACK — *School Specialist* Ask Us—We Know

Q.—I know a certain young man with sparkling eyes, and when I look into them as I always do when he is around, I feel effervescent and bubbling-like. Do you think I am seriously affected?

HELEN

A.—In time all sparkling things grow flat. Some day you will be far more concerned and write, "Dear Doctor, help me quick, I'm getting fat."

* * *

Q.—I seem to want to sing and dance all day long. What is the matter with me?

MARJORIE

A.—You have the hoof and mouth disease.

* * *

Q.—I am the cutest member of the Senior Class. My work is frequently interrupted by the attention of young ladies, and although I admit I am good looking, there

must be some peculiar attraction to cause so many smiles.

EDWARD TOLLEY

A.—Your case will require observation as well as fair judgment to determine whether the young ladies are laughing with or at you.

* * *

Q.—My heart hurts me a good deal here lately and my liver seems upset. What would you suggest?

BUDDY

A.—Take Doane's Pill for your liver and go to Third Street for your heart.

* * *

Q.—I always seem to want to bite the ear of my sweetheart. What causes this?

DUVAL

A.—You have a good taste for slop.

* * *

Q.—The heat is very oppressive at my house. How can I remain cool?

GLADYS HEDGECOCK

A.—Take flowers out of the flower box and get in yourself. You will get watered every day.

* * *

Q.—My beau seems to be treating me with coolness lately. Can you suggest a reason?

FACULTY

A.—This is because he works in the ice-cream factory.

* * *

Q.—Men always try to put their arms around me when car riding. How can I prevent this?

LILLIAN KEADLE

A.—Tie a rattlesnake around your neck.

* * *

Q.—I have a great internal craving for ice cream and soda water. How can I cut down on these articles?

IRENE

A.—Marry a druggist.

* * *

Q.—My hair seems to have a large amount of electricity in it as it crackles on a cold day. What causes this?

RITA

A.—It is connected to a dry cell.

* * *

Q.—My girl is more interested in Christiansburg boys than she is in me. How can I make myself more popular with her?

ROBERT BIRD

A.—Were high water pants like Christiansburg boys.

* * *

Q.—I have a sleek and fat, but broad-minded house. How can I describe him to prospective buyers?

LILLIAN SMITH

A.—Tell them that his coat is good but his pants are bad.

JOKES

James Wright: "I'm glad I wasn't born in France."

Mary Harris: "Why?"

James Wright: "I don't know that language."

* * *

Miss Atkins: "Did the Indians have any fraternities or other social activities?"

Gladys Cregger: "Well, er—I've heard of Indian Clubs."

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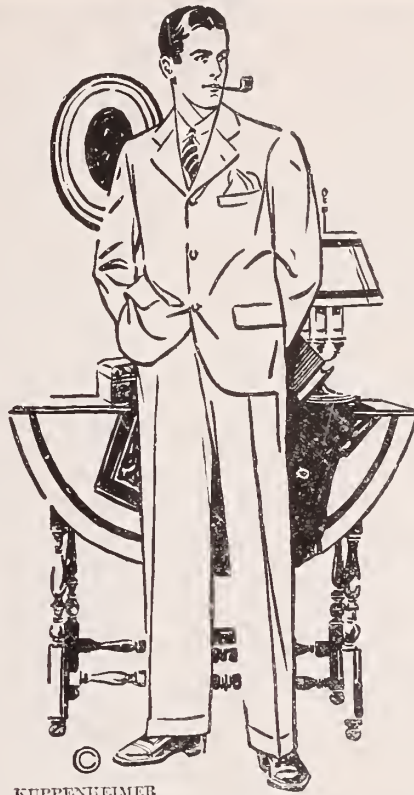
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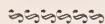
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